2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

SETTLING IN

Our chief lack at first was shelves and cupboards, but as soon as we had seen what was most needed and what could be accommodated David got busy with rulers and squared paper and drew up detailed specifications, which he sent to the Divisional Engineer's office in Gilgit. They were able to make us the skeletons and send them up in such form that we needed only to screw them together. I then nailed cloth over the back of the cupboards and hung curtains over the front so that we no longer needed to live in the misery of half-unpacked boxes.

The bow window of the study where we sat to smoke and take tea looked out on to a jolly little watercourse (about 2 feet wide) which chattered merrily along. On its farther bank is a row of apricot and mulberry trees which, if they break the view a bit, also provide some welcome shade. From the foot of the trees terraced fields fall away, down, down, down to the top of the great cliff—some 500 feet or so—that forms the right bank of the river. We looked right across the gorge (the river, of course, is entirely out of sight, and nothing would lead you to guess its existence if you hadn't just had to cross it) to stark, magnificently seamed mountains, with tiny fans of green here and there, which are other villages similar to Aliábád on the Nagir side.

The nearer side of our little stream was one of the main highways; and all the life of the place went on in full view of our window. People passed by all day, laden with green fodder for their beasts, or carrying baskets of ripe apricots to dry. The nearest field of lucerne had just been reaped, and then below it the barley field, and we watched them stack the barley and make a circular threshing floor on which to deal with it. They flooded a patch of the newly reaped field, built a little circular wall of mud about four inches high round it, then flooded it twice more, and then when it was nearly dry a whole family, from grandfather down to the small boys and girls, systematically tramped it down with their bare feet till the surface was as smooth and level as a hard tennis court.

Jolly youngsters of all sizes romped in the new-cut fields, snowballed each other with clods of dry earth, tripped each

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

857 other up, chivvied their lambs and kids about by chucking stones skilfully to turn but not to hit them, and half a dozen noisy scamps would jump to and fro over the watercourse in competition.

361 Between us and the river bank were groups of poplars,
133 willows, and fruit trees with quaint cube-like stone houses dotted about in between, and right above this delightfully restful patch of green (which you could not properly appreciate if you had not had days and days of barren bleakness before you reached it), in the great triangular space between the barren mountains of Nagir and those of Hunza which rose around and behind us, there towered up the great mass of far the loveliest mountain on earth: RAKAPOSHI.

133 She is 25,550 feet high, and the top 10,000 feet which we saw from our window is a conical series of triangles, cliffs, precipices and peaks all covered in dazzling frozen snow—a never-ending joy to watch. At this time of year she was usually clear, escaping the skirts of the monsoon which are apt to catch on Nanga Parbat; and the clear sky behind changes from the palest blue at dawn to the brilliant burning blue of midday and then to delicate shades of pink, green, violet, and orange towards sunset. Ruskin could write volumes on the ever-changing shadows and colours that delighted us: I must leave them to the imagination. From our beds we could see Raka when we first woke and bid her good-night before we fell asleep. It is a wonderful thing when beauty such as this becomes part and parcel of your daily life.

132 It was still pretty hot in Hunza in July, in spite of our 7,600 feet. We had it up to 95° in the shade of the verandah outside, but were able to keep the study ten degrees cooler by closing doors and windows in the morning before the sun got up. Out in the sun the heat is all the fiercer for the altitude, a point stay-at-home travellers seldom realize. Another odd point is that in cloudless, dustless air like this, granted equal apparent brightness, photographic exposures need to be *longer* than lower down—at least this is David's experience.

157 The people round were from the first unbelievably friendly; we could run out quite informally at any moment and join

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

000 only made them laugh, and luckily they all kept forgetting my name, so that I could laugh *tu quoque*. "Larimair memsahib, they would say laboriously, but they had forgotten again before the morrow, and from the first day I was just "Mother dear" to everyone, and sometimes "Granny dear" to the kiddies. It was a delight to be quit of the formal "Memsahib" of India.

857 Meantime David would be seated in his chair in the big study window or out in the verandah, and everyone who passed by would try to catch his eye and wave a salaam, men and women alike. It was a joy to get away from the furtive, veiled womenfolk of India and Kashmir. When little batches of kids and lambs or an occasional cow passed by, the children in charge waved and showed off with an occasional hullabaloo as one beast broke away, leapt a wall, and started tucking in to the new green crop or the vegetable patch. The children dashed after it, chucking well-directed stones, and drove it out in double quick time, and the animals seemed to think it as much fun as the youngsters. After one of these asides they would run past David again to see whether he had noticed the little adventure and were greatly pleased if he shouted out "Well done!" or "Was that the 'bad goat' again?"

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

and by a gymnastic miracle the bearer staggers to his feet, almost invisible under his tossing burden, and sets off at a trot up a steep flight of rough stones, or a boulder track, or a rude wooden ladder laid against a high field wall, to the threshing-floor. Beside this, a stack is built by other workers as the loads come in. A core of several upright sheaves forms the centre; layers of other sheaves are laid symmetrically round these, heads to centre, roots out, till the stack is 5 or 6 feet high. The priceless grain is thus beyond the greed of passing goats, and if rain threatens a carpet flung on top suffices to keep the whole erection dry. The moment the *shandiming* are off the ground the children drive their tiny flocks, one minute cow, a couple of sheep and goats, on to the empty field, and the hungry beasts greedily snatch at every green blade of grass or weed they chance to sight. There is cruelly little. In the early days the crop is diligently and systematically weeded, and even after the grain has reached some height the field is invaded every few days by the women and children in the hopes that some further weeds may be detected and carried off for fodder. The two stages of weeding are quite distinct. I was much laughed at one day, when the second stage had set in, for asking a party of crouching women whether they were "weeding." "Oh, no," they said, "weeding time is long since over; we are just fetching some green stuff for the cow." Both weedings are done so thoroughly that the expectant beasts who invade the new-reaped field have quickly cleared the few remaining stalks.

When the fields are temporarily empty a great feeling of freedom pervades the land. The boys rejoice in the rare luxury of flat open spaces for foot polo, tip-cat, races, rounders, and a dozen other games; the weavers seize the chance to lay out their warp and the girls romp and play ball—"the fields are free" is joyfully remarked on every side. DL and I rejoiced no less in being able to walk side by side on the flat—an experience foregone these many months—and take short-cuts from one farmstead to another without the usual boulder-jumping scramble.

But the freedom of the fields is short-lived.

SEPTEMBER HARVEST

When the threshing floor is heaped with ears, some people turn cows on to trample them; some people prefer to beat the heap with sticks. It depends, I expect, how many cows you have without borrowing, or how many stout arms to wield the flail. It is rather fun to see a family beating, even the children hammering away with tiny poles. The Hunzukuts are kind to their kiddies and fond of them, but have happily no time to spoil them, and as the children have always something new and interesting to do they are very rarely troublesome. If they are, some grown-up will give them a mild smack on the head (the little cap prevents its hurting much) and all is well again. If a child is sick they carry it out with them to the fields (no one can be spared to stay at home to mind it) and chuck a cloth over it to keep the flies off, and let it lie there in peace till it feels better. The youngsters work just as long as they feel interested, then fade away and play for a bit, and join another group and work a while again. There seems to be no attempt to force them or even overtly to encourage them. Their own instinct is to copy the grown-ups or next-older brother. Yet the sense of responsibility wakes early; a five- or six-year-old is often in charge of the two-year-old toddler, rejoices in steadying him as he tries to walk or in mounting him on the shoulders to cross a water-channel or climb a wall. We used sometimes to feel a little anxious about the baby's fate, but its mother never did. I have never heard a Hunza mother shout "Don't do that, darling," or "Take care, you'll drop the baby," or "Don't go so near the edge, you'll fall." Hunza consists of "edges"—the house-roof, the field, the reservoir, the cliff—and no doubt Nature in the course of centuries has weeded out the stocks that lose their balance. Our occasional solicitude was the cause of much merriment; we could not always suppress a "Take care, you'll slip," and this became a standing joke amongst our smaller friends. If all other conversation failed a jesting cry from someone of "Take care, Mother, you'll fall" would set the ball rolling again. Jolly little scamps they are, and pleasant companions for a walk. I counted seven in front and three behind me one day, all between five and seven, with two or three babies mounted on the others'

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

Chapter 19

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

THERE are a couple of minor items of the autumn harvest I have omitted to mention. In Aliabád, the widest and most gently sloping bay of the Hunza mountain side, there is for one short stretch of perhaps a mile a patch of ground above the level of possible fields before the steep cliff face begins. Through and above this run the third and fourth of our horizontal watercourses, offshoots from the Berber Channel that waters the higher levels of Báltit and derives also from the great glacier of the Ulter Ber, but takes off much higher up than the Dala. Sufficient water can occasionally be spared from these two channels (which in the main are needed to irrigate high-lying "gardens" of trees) to flood these rocky slopes, which then bring forth that rarest of Hunza products, natural grass. These *toqs*, as they are called, are divided into strips by loose stone walls and used as grazing grounds by whoever leases them. Two or even four families often combine to share a *toq*, and on your walks you will find children of various sizes in charge of a few animals; a small girl may be sitting gravely alone practising embroidery stitches on a strip of calico, a boy may be twisting the string of horse-gut for his catapult bow, a group may be romping together or playing a game like rounders with a home-spun cap for ball, or "horses" where half the players are mounted on the others' backs and the pairs charge each other to a fall, and any rider thrown becomes in turn a horse. When these livelier games begin to pall, a couple will withdraw to the edge of the little channel and scratch a draught-board on a level patch of ground and play with pebbles white and grey as men. The board is formed of triangles whose

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

857

PLATE XIII:
Young Friends

1. Nim[illegible] and sister with the baby.
(See p. 144)

3. Zulfi.

4. Khano with baby sister Gulab.

2. Dido with Akil Shah aged two.
(See p. 87)

[Facing P. 144]

(See p. 144)

524 apexes (apices? no, no!) are the "squares" and any man can move and take in any direction. It requires quite as much skill and provides quite as much fun as draughts played in our way. There are half a dozen other games of the sort, roughly variants of "marbles," all played with pebbles and governed by complicated rules which we only partially mastered.

● 857 We used to watch Nimo, of No. 7, a jolly, bright-eyed mite of eight or nine, pass our window every morning about half-past six, sturdily carrying an empty shoulder basket as she herded her two or three small cows off to the *toq*; sometimes she was taking charge of a small brother or sister as well. Just before nightfall, after a whole summer day on the mountain side, she would return, driving her animals and stooping 237 slightly under her load. One evening in the very early days I 857 stopped her to ask *whose* Nimo she was (their names duplicate 241 each other like our Joans, Anns, and Dorises), and "What have you got in your basket there?" With courteous surprise at being asked a question to which there could be only one answer: "Why, to-day's cow-dung." Sure enough I soon discovered that every little cowherd conscientiously gathers every scrap of the cow's daily output and brings it home to the manure store in the barn—there are no untidy outdoor middens to spoil the landscape or defile the air.

Another day we met Khano of No. 3, one of our first boy-friends, breathlessly chivvying a cow uphill to a spot where he had safely dumped his baby sister Guláb, in charge of his basket. "Hullo, did she run away from you?" "She did, the villain, but I've got her back, and look, Mother, I've lost nothing," he said, as he proudly displayed the contents of his looped-up cloak. He threw his treasure into the basket and resumed his attentions to Guláb, while the cow resigned herself to orthodox grazing. He was playing with the little girl, patiently coaxing her to totter a step or two and flop into his waiting arms, and throwing up little stones for her to catch.

857 The tenderness of the bigger children to the babies is a [593] beautiful thing to watch. I never saw boy or girl out of temper with a baby brother, sister, or cousin, or resentful of having one in charge. When the bigger ones are busy in some momen-

857 tarily empty field, playing team games of tipcat or chucking stones at a mark—they have dozens of admirable games, with rules strictly adhered to—the small ones sit about and look on or amuse themselves dabbling in water if there is any or making mud-pies. A group of youngsters were playing round me one day when a tiny girl unaccountably took fright and set up a terrified howl. A big boy stooped to comfort her: "There, there, don't cry, don't be afraid," he said soothingly, and wrapped his cloak round her to shut out whatever was the disturbing sight (I rather think it was I), and patted her reassuringly. "That will be your little sister?" said I. "No, no," was the answer, "I don't know really whose kid it is."

246 As autumn approaches and no further growth can be hoped
241 from the grass, these mountain meadows are painstakingly reaped, *cut* this time, with the blunt iron sickles—for the roots must be left for next year—and the tiny bunches of grass tied up. There will be a few longer, tougher stalks in each double handful, and these are doubled back over the shorter ones and the bundle tied twice, once at the base where it is fattest, and once near the top where the bent heads are caught. These bundles are then laid out in the sun—a benevolent accessory to harvest that never faileth—and gathered in to form part of the winter fodder. Then follows an incredible sight: every inch of the mountain side is painstakingly swept by the Nímos and Shamúlis, whose besoms are minute thorn bushes. Every pellet of sheep or goat, every half inch of stubbly grass above the root is garnered into the tiny shoulder baskets and added to the manure. When you have seen one strip of ground thus treated you might think the job was done; not a bit of it. A few days later Nímo and Shamúli are at it again and yet again, till not one speck of animal or vegetable matter remains. You can imagine that there is no need when walking round Hunza to "pick your steps" as in an English meadow.

233 Every individual leaf, from garden or orchard, from watercourse or steep hill-garden, is similarly swept up and stored; these dry leaves are the staple winter food for the stalled beasts —no wonder the milk lacks cream-content and the sheep is bare of fat! No wonder that I shudder now to see our autumn

round him, he looked extremely comfortable and well-protected. Next, a piece of wide cloth was threaded by its hem on a rod fastened along the side of the cradle, and passed several times over his tummy and under the wooden cot, being finally lashed to the ridge pole. If the cradle had then been knocked over or rolled down hill baby could neither fall out nor get bumped. Finally a thick blanket was thrown over like a tent, and he was safe from dust or smoke or flies—or fresh air. Mother gave a few gentle rocks and he settled into sleep.

The use of the cradle in Hunza is said to be relatively recent, and the pattern of it, wherever it was introduced from, includes the prescription that it shall be made from a special sort of hard wood that grows wild on certain mountain spots and is supposed to possess magical properties. The ridge-pole forms a convenient carrying handle, and wherever you see a group of women working and chatting together, spinning in the shade or on the roof, beating out new-washed wool on a sandy patch beside a stream, pounding kernels, washing clothes, or busy on the threshing floor, you will usually see a cradle or two beside them. Truby King might disapprove of so much infant seclusion; but the flat roof offers a drop of 12 or 14 feet on to boulders, and even the living-room a gentle roll into the open hearth, so that Hunza is no place for crawlers. By the time baby is ripe for toddling, he is old enough to be entrusted to the next-older children, who take him pick-a-back or on their shoulders, scaling walls and leaping streams with him as sure-footed as young goats, and as fearless. They carry him to some flat spot and guard him with the most scrupulous care and proudly watch over his first steps.

Babies in Hunza are spaced at intervals of three and four years, so no mother is worn out with child-bearing or embarrassed in her daily work by ex-babies clinging to her skirts and jealous of the infant in her arms. Banu, for instance, was four, sturdy and ripe for independence, before Faqér came to claim the family's attention. Soon after his arrival we used to see her stalking about, proudly taking her first walks alone, and obviously savouring the new freedom from older supervision. One day she had passed twice or three times up and

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

854
482

1. Little girl barely five taking baby brother of two for a ride. Madat, the elder boy, watches the experiment with some anxiety. (See p. 137)

2. Fetching firewood in a shoulder basket. (See p. 131)

PLATE XV

857

3. Gúlo and friends working mud into "cakes like those Mother makes." A wish-fulfilment of Starvation Springtime. (See p. 290)

[Facing P 176]

423 belongs to the Mir, and once or twice a year he sends people to
311 cut the grass, such as it is, and bring it in for his horses. It was rather a favourite walk of ours when we felt inclined for an upward scramble, for there is a fine view from it over the whole of the Aliábád Bay and the smaller Bay of Jamu, before the ground falls sheer away into the great Hasanabad gorge with the glacier at the top that waters the village of Hasanabad, our next neighbour downstream. Moreover, it is one of the rare places where, once you have got there, you can walk a little on the level, dodging about between the boulders. We were about halfway up to the Stables when Khano overtook us, desperately out of breath: "I've parked my animals in that garden over there, and I'm coming with you," he said. The "garden" was a desert of stones and rocks, with a rough, loose-stone wall about it and a few miserable stunted trees. "But we know the way quite well, thanks." "Oh no, you don't, not half so well as I do," he retorted. (This, of course, was true enough.) "I'll come with you."

● 857 So along he came, chattering away nineteen to the dozen, and most entertaining he was. "Do you see the Red Rock?" "There are heaps of red rocks." "Yes, but there's only the one big red boulder, that's the Red Rock. There's a cave under it where we boys shelter when it rains, and on top there are cracks in the rock that hold rain water where we can drink." Right enough, the great boulder—50 or 60 feet high, I suppose—overhung a hollow (you could hardly call it a cave) and the youngsters had built themselves a rude wall and made a very cosy nest that would hold several dozen animals. We scrambled up on to the top and found as he had said that there were several deep cracks which would evidently make neat little drinking troughs when they weren't dry. Then Khano took us round in and out of the boulders and showed us all the boys' pet places. In one they had improved a natural stone sofa and built a sheltering wall and rigged up a fireplace with a few stones, and there they cook potatoes for themselves (when they can get any). They have a very merry life out all day on the hillside in every sort of weather instead of crouching indoors over lessons. The goats climb for miles and miles,

WINTER AND THE "GREAT COLD"

up and up amongst the stones till they look like mites in a cheese. What they find to eat is a mystery, for there is not one visible blade of grass and not one inch of thorn. But they "feed" there all day with the boys in the offing to see that they do not stray too far.

The Hunza sheep have prudently established the tradition that they cannot climb so high without breaking their legs, so they stay farther down where there is a small amount of very scanty grass (a home sheep would not recognize it as such) and an occasional dead leaf to gorge on.

Khano pointed out the "'lizards' apricots"; patches of yellow, green, grey, and white lichen, which he says the lizards live on. He showed us the spoor of a fox and the tracks of his friends and a host of other interesting things. He's an amusing little play-actor. "Oh, I've got a thorn in my foot!" and he pretended to cry and limp helplessly about. Then with a laugh he clutched his foot, stooped to meet it, and whisked the thorn out with his teeth—a huge thing it was. Next he pulled a *mindak* out of some unexpected recess in his clothing and tried to teach us to play shuttlecock. The *mindak* is a most attractive toy. You get a small flat central button of lead and somehow contrive to attach to it a horizontal frill of kids' hair, black or white preferred. You then throw it in the air and try to kick it up with your foot, counting how often you succeed before letting it fall to the ground. You may kick it with your instep in an amateurish way, but the stylish thing is to strike it with the sole of your bare foot. The boys are extraordinarily adept, but the art is one not easily acquired in leather-shod middle age. Our indifferent attempts reduced us all three to helpless laughter. We were much amused to note that just as with the girls stotting their balls, the reckoning started at three and your first successful stroke was counted "four." In return for this demonstration lesson I tried to teach Khano to do handstands and cart-wheels, but my attempts to demonstrate these arts were somewhat unconvincing.

On the way home we met Kamber (Ustád Nadíro's boy) driving his herd of goats helter-skelter downhill. DL had

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

miles daily to Báltít, as Yaman and a couple of our other young friends did, and attend the Government-supported school with the sons and grandsons of the Mir and the Wazir. Promising children of the more well-to-do can attend a more advanced school at Gilgit, and the really studious may even make their way down to Srinagar.

Ninety-nine per cent of the population, however, happily still remain illiterate, and have not fallen victims to compulsory education. When the people would question me about conditions in England, they were horrified to learn of such things as rates and income-tax, but even more aghast at the tyranny that compels both boys and girls to spend the years from five to fourteen at school. "But that's the time when they ought to be *learning things*," they said.

When my pleasant evening "By the Lamp" was ended and I had said good-bye, cautiously descended the ladder and mounted my waiting horse, I was shocked to see my host accompanying us carrying a tray of food. I had expressly stipulated that I would only accept his kind invitation on condition of not being laden with food gifts to take home. To my protests Kalbi said: "Yes, yes, Mother dear, it's all right. I'm not forgetting. I'm only taking up his supper to the sweeper."

With honourable simplicity the Hunzukuts abide by the fundamentals of Islam as they understand them. They may not be strong on ostentatious prayer and fasting, they rack their brains over no theological subtleties, but a Believer is a man and a brother, be he a Kashmiri, be he twenty times a sweeper. Here was a man of substance, a Levy, a grandfather, a much respected citizen in his small community, climbing a mile uphill to carry with his own hands a share of the evening's feast to his absentee guest. That the man was absent was no doubt a tactful concession to any caste-prejudice with which India might have infected me.

The boys lighten the monotony of the indoor weeks of the Great Cold by occasionally dashing out for a hasty game of foot polo or tipcat with their friends or keeping themselves warm with *mindak* matches. Such young men as are real dance

526 857 enthusiasts may dance every afternoon at The Gate, but they do not draw a large circle of spectators.

541 536 On one of the rare bright days that we were blessed with, word was sent us that a special show was being got up for that evening if we would care to come. We reached "The Gate" just before dusk and found a stone sofa duly carpeted for us. As the evening grew darker, the crowd became larger and the general feeling of infectious excitement increased, till at last the organizers of the show went round the crowd using their long sleeves as conductors' batons to mark time for the magnificent Ha-Ha-Ha and the unison clapping they so much enjoy. which now announced the arrival of the performers. A lot of young men had got themselves up in various disguises, pairs of them stooping under a blanket with a horse's head fixed in front, pranced about most realistically under two boy-riders. Two other pairs were got up as markhor with real horns in front, while a fantastic huntsman with an aged muzzle-loading matchlock stalked them with exaggerated caution. Five or six were dressed up as women with silken veils to hide their moustaches. The best of all were two bent old men with flowing white beards; they were dressed in sheepskins with huge humps on their backs, and tottered very effectively on stout sticks. They contrived to look very aged and very frail. Then they got up a sham quarrel about the wife of one whom the other was supposed to have stolen. Thereupon they laid about each other with their cudgels—very carefully smiting only each other's well-padded humps—and did amazing leaps with their staves as jumping poles, the one lighting on the other's back and rolling him in the dust. This excellent horseplay was wildly applauded.

There were two absurd little boys with tiny besoms who made admirable clowns. They fussed about, sweeping the ground just in front of the dancers and choking everyone with dust, getting kicked out of the way and looking innocently pained at being so misunderstood. When anyone was knocked down in the rough and tumble they would officiously dash up to brush him down and get cuffed for their pains.

Altogether it was an extremely clever rag, mostly nonsense

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

312
857

1. Children watching water-hole (centre) to close it with the mushroom-plug (right) at given signal from father. (*See p.* 94)

PLATE XXIII

142
212

2. Two small Hunza princesses with pet puppy. (*See p.* 246)

3. Khalifa Farághat teaching his son to read the Persian scriptures. (*See p.* 241)

[Facing P. 304]

3: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

garden, no fence, to interpose a barrier. The much-frequented 000
public way, following the further edge of an irrigation channel, passes within a dozen yards and beyond lie the fields of lucerne, wheat, buckwheat and pot-herbs descending gently in graded terraces. But the ground is beaten hard right up to the verandah edge, and the more adventurous take full advantage of the right of way when they can do so without intrusiveness. So here, almost within touch, pass men, women and children on their various occasions, none without a salute or a smile, or at least a shy recognition. Fifty yards off toil a joint family party, successively reaping, stacking, threshing and winnowing the wheat and pulse crops and carrying off the spoils.

Work goes on harmoniously, without idleness and without hurry. [461]
Normally division of labour obtains, men and women have their 462
recognised rôles, but the division seems regulated purely by physical 578
capacity and convenience. There is nothing rigid about it and in general each sex will freely assume the work of the other if occasion makes it desirable. In this household there are only two men, one able-bodied on whom the heaviest work falls, and one aged who can only do light jobs and rest, intermittently. There are several women and they relieve each other at the heavier work seemingly from a sense of what is the game and without prompting. There is no apparent shirking, there is no quarrelling, disputing or shouting. I have not seen or heard a quarrel yet, except a minor affair between two small boys, Voices are only raised when information has to be conveyed to a distance.

Children roam about in groups of boys and girls, or mixed family 857
parties, playing along the water-channel, chattering and laughing or retrieving the last over-looked apricots by knocking them down with stones or climbing and shaking the trees. Everyone shares without question in the harvest. Children help spasmodically in the elders' tasks; it is not obligatory. There are always one or two rounding up an errant and centrifugal flock of lambs and kids, or a single agile and enterprising cow.

their own land. They spin their own wool. Then they weave it into cloth from which they cut and sew their clothes. However he can also buy or trade for woolen cloth or he can have his own wool woven for him.

They have little or no money. The few dollars that he might get during the year would come from the expeditions that congregate in the area and hire the Hunzans as porters. And they are unsurpassed at this difficult and arduous work.

A man has a right to inflict corporal punishment upon his wife if she nags him. Perhaps that is why the men of Hunza have that cheerful look.

The children are never neglected because the parents are always at home. Further, the children do their share of the work in the fields and are taught to do so from early childhood. This also eliminates juvenile delinquency.

The people of Hunza have splendid dispositions. They are genial, pleasant, smiling and cheerful. They have deep respect for authority, profound love of the land, affection, compassion and understanding for their neighbors and they are most hospitable to strangers. They hold their heads high, their chests out and they are strong, honest and hard-working. To me this showed clearly and positively that people can live and that agriculture can exist and thrive without chemistry, chemical fertilizers, chemical sprays or synthetic medicines and drugs.

They enjoy happiness without modernization, long life without doctors, nurses and hospitals, democracy without bureaucracy, law and order without police and self-sufficiency without money. Part of the answer, if not most of it, is their loyalty to and their faith in their land, a pure case of unremitting agriculture and putting everything back into the soil which was taken